



Scream for Me



killer

torture

death

85 1 7

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I slide my fingers lovingly over each boot. The blood spatters, like beautiful rubies. They were my pride and joy, the only beauty in my bleak and colorless world. I had fifteen altogether.

Tonight I will hunt again! Forever slave to the bloodthirsty beast inside me, seeking, yearning and finally the exquisite release of finding my perfect prince. I feel my lips pull back in gleeful delight, another hunt, another feast of depraved insanity!

I walk over to my floor length mirror, my reflection shimmering bright and tainted. I glare in hated fascination, the reflection staring back in silent defiance. The snow white locks of cascading silken curls, framing a face of mythical beauty. Eyes as blue as a cloudless sky, skin as bloodless as the lips are red. Yes, the creature staring back at me was truly a wonder to behold, but a darkness hung over her pale form, coiling around like phantom fingers.

I stare at the dress, another decorative necessity. They all wanted the prettiest flower to themselves. I drape the black cape around my shoulders, pushing the hood over my noticeable features. I glide through my room, open the door and step out into my hunting ground. The inn-keeper and his wife, both hardworking people, found a daughter in me. Poor unfortunate souls, if only they knew!

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I slip down the stairs, wave a simple hand and disappear into the fog-filled night. I take a deep breath.

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little flower girls straitening my attire, quick to consume me into their chilled embrace. The only

sound that could be heard was the click of my shoes. Nothing answers my silent prowling, smaller predators scuttle deeper into their hiding places, as a deadlier predator claims the night.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



It is not long until I reach the next town. The moon has barely shifted in the sky. Good. I have not lost my touch, even after so long of a break from these tasks.

But where to go first? The obvious answer is a bar, but then again, I do not need to be swarmed by men upon my entry. Should I instead single out the most handsome being? My eyes trail over house windows. Nobody seems to be out tonight, save for the lights inside bars and other entertainment capitals. Perhaps they have heard of my appearance. No, no. I shake my head, laughing slightly as I do so. Men are stupid. If word got out, if anything, they would be looking for me.

I can't stand here the entire night, mapping out possibilities. Where am I to go?

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